

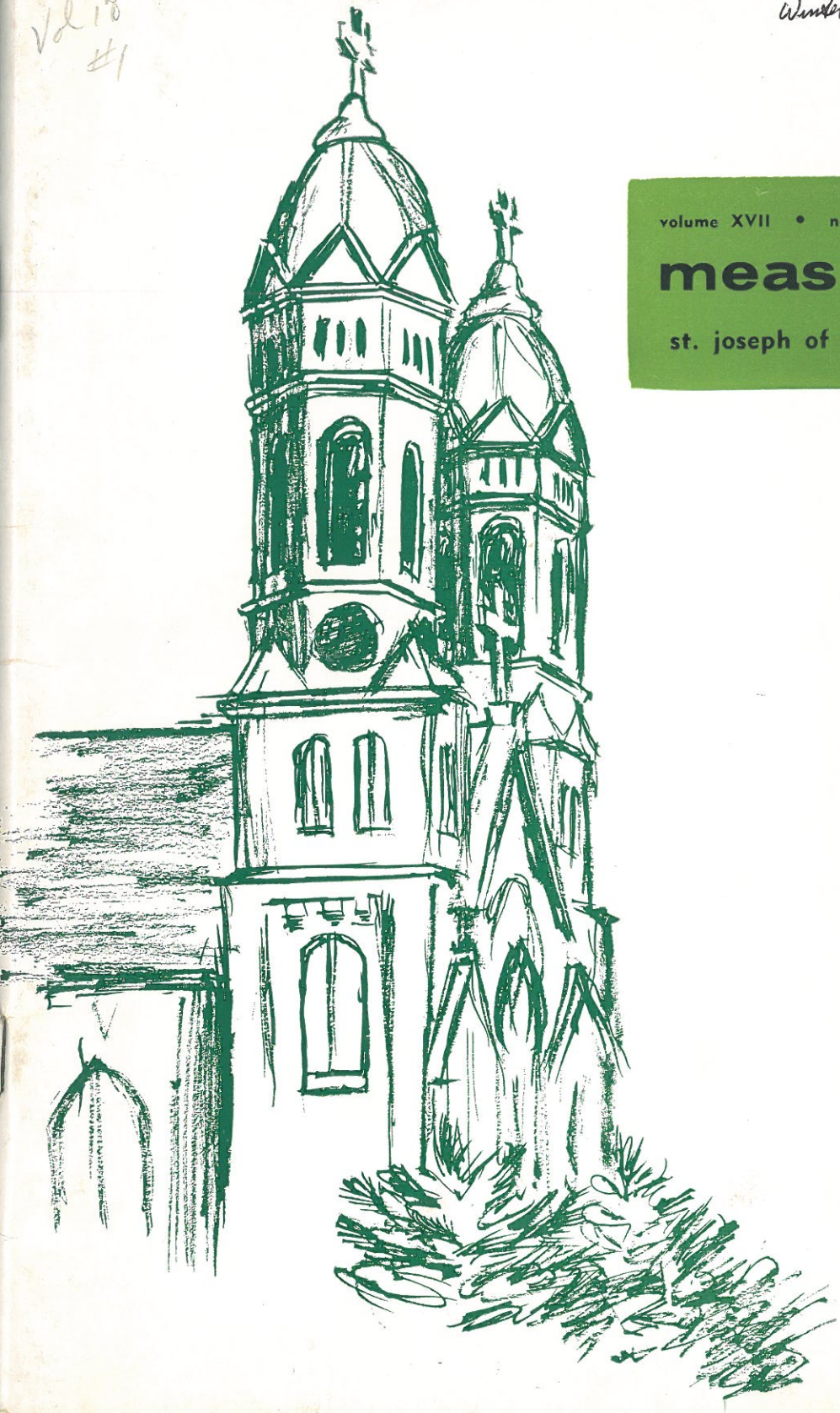
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James O'Brien

ART AND LAYOUT EDITOR

Thomas DeMint

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Theodore Thomas

MODERATOR

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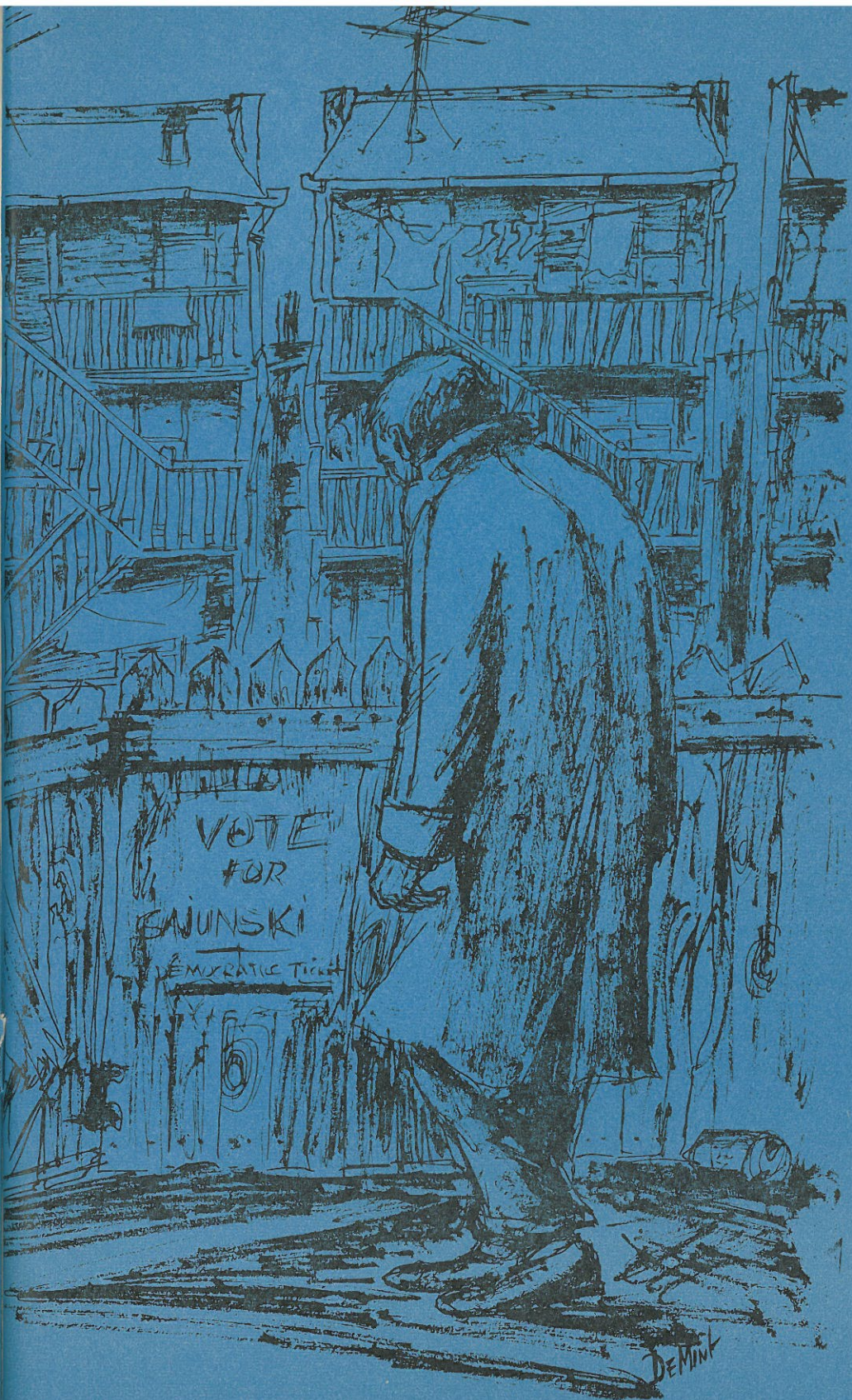
CASPER

By
Cyril M. Gulassa

To Caspar Berzinski the world was an unusually wonderful place to live. He was twenty-one, a healthy man weaned on cabbage and potatoes, rich Polish sausage redolent of garlic, and heavy black bread. He lived in the tenement district of Hamtramck, where the long rows of unpainted structures leaned dangerously, where gray clothes lines sagged with their daily burden of laundry, and stout women shrilled from the back porches.

Every morning at exactly six o'clock he descended the stairs and walked, whistling and nodding good morning, the two miles to the copper mines where he did nothing all day but oil the bearings on a single, long conveyor belt.





Caspar's long curving nose betrayed his Polish ancestry. It was very sensitive, and he could tell what people were having for supper by just passing their house. He had a small mouth with fine lips that rose and fell with spontaneous grief and joy as he listened to the conversations of others. They were quick to part to let by that staccato laugh that welled from deep within his great belly. Caspar liked to laugh. He laughed when he saw a clanging street car clatter over the rails, or a silver airplane slip through the patch of sky over the tenements. He laughed when the spring sun came out, and when the flower bloomed in the sardine can out on the back porch. Others called him a laughing fool. He liked that, and laughed all the harder. His mother told him he was born with a feather in his stomach; his mother was good to him.

Besides laughing, Caspar liked to eat, and his great belly rumbled at the thought of *Pirohi* stuffed with prunes, creamed potatoes or cottage cheese; of *mak*, golden brown with whorls of sweet poppy seed; of *halupky* served piping hot and buried under heaps of steaming cabbage. He liked to watch his mother prepare supper, and sometimes she would let him slice the bread or set the table.

Caspar's eyes were deep blue, bluer than the cloak of the Blessed Virgin whose statue stood on the dining room table next to his mother's worn Bible. But the dark lines that sagged beneath his eyes

revealed that he had seen something unpleasant.

It happened nine years ago. He did not know nine years had passed, but he knew it was a long time ago. His father had taken him out of the seventh grade, and had gotten him a job as paper boy on the corner of 117th and Fred. He was never sure how much change to give, so he spread out a few bills and coppers, and the people took their own change. His mother helped him add up the bills.

Every day his sister, Stephany, stopped by the shed and talked with him. She pretended that she was very rich, and would buy all his papers. Stephany had long golden hair, more gold than all the sun; as gold as the chalice of Father Raceny at Easter mass. Caspar laughed to see so much beauty, and he knew she was queen, and he was her servant. The nuns at Saint Stanislaus said that Stephany was very smart; that made him happy.

For his eleventh birthday, December 11, 1932, Stephany made him a pair of blue carpet slippers. They were the warmest and softest slippers in the world. Once, he put them in the pocket of his jacket so he could feel their warmth and softness while he sold papers. Stephany was going to be eight the following April. He knew he must buy her something wonderful. He clamped together his teeth and ran his thick fingers through his hair as he thought of what to buy her. Then one day on his way

home he passed Mr. Kinkade's bicycle shop. In the window stood a girl's bicycle. The sign read: **SECOND HAND \$6.50.**

WHEN Stephany saw the bicycle she kissed Caspar. Sometimes he could still feel where her lips had pressed against his cheek. Then a few days later it happened. He was not sure of the details, but one evening, just after he had wiped the dishes, Mrs. Patrosh, who lived directly beneath their flat, came screaming into the kitchen. His mother ran out; he followed. First he saw the big truck in the road and officer O'Malley in his blue coat shouting to the people to get back. After that he remembered only one thing—his mother with Stephany's head in her lap crying softly in Polish, "Arise, my golden bird. It is thy mother." Now all that remained of her memory was a crumpled bicycle that lay on the back porch. In the night he had dragged it there, and had refused to let anyone remove it.

For a long time afterward Caspar brooded. He ate little, talked less and laughed not at all. There was some talk about an institution, but one day, when the wheel from Mr. Jake's junk wagon fell off and the frightened old horse charged out into the street, scattering the old tires and stoves and papers all over the road, he doubled up with laughter. After that he began to be all right.

But that was long ago. Now he was twenty-one, a man. He sometimes drank beer in Roznak's tav-

ern with his father, but his father was not like his mother. His father never spoke to him except to curse his clumsiness or call him a fool. He loved beer; the foam tickled his nose and fluttered the feather in his stomach so that he laughed long and loud. Best of all, in the tavern were always bowls heaped with pretzels.

ONE Sunday afternoon, just four days away from his twenty-second birthday, he tired of scrtaching pictures in the frost on the back door window pane. He put on his hat and the coat his father used to wear, and opened the door. The bitter gusts knifed through the coat and goose pimples his flesh. He pulled his head into the collar and descended. Sunday was God's day of rest. There was no work at the mine. He counted the stairs as he thumped down them. Stephany once told him there were fifty-three. He never bothered to count them, but he always said "Fifty-three!" as he touched the last stair. It made him feel good to say that.

He walked along Baker street and laughed as he watched his brown shoes flicking beneath his coat. He decided he would go to Roznak's for a few beers before supper. He crossed the boulevard and walked by the windows of the shops. Milan, who worked with him in the mine, came by with his girl. "Hey, Caspar," he shouted, "watch out, the moon is falling." Caspar jerked his head up toward the gray sky. "How silly," he

thought. "There is no moon during the daytime." He laughed and waved, and Milan and his girl laughed and passed on. Puppies romped in the window of the pet shop. They pressed their noses against the pane and wagged their tails. He dangled his glove before them. "Hey, little dogs. Hey, want to play?" He laughed and went on. Cars rumbled in the streets. Stephany once told him this road went all the way to Florida and the sea. He thought for a moment and laughed. The road knew the way to that distant land and he did not. He pushed the door open and went into Roznak's.

At a little table in the rear sat Jozef Stanik, Vasil Godinski and Peter. He couldn't remember Peter's last name. He liked the others, but avoided Peter because he always talked in an evil way about women.

"*Jak se mas?*" Jozef said absently.

"*Dobre,*" answered Caspar as he pulled up a stool.

"How about a little pinochle," Pete asked, closing one eye in a gargantuan wink.

"*No. zekuem.*" He knew nothing about cards. He drank the cold glass of beer that Roznak brought him and ate handfuls of pretzels. They were good; they dulled the edge of hunger that always cut at his insides. In the background a radio played softly.

"Hey, Caspar." It was Pete again. "Did I tell you the one about the big Swede and the pros-

titute? No? Well . . ."

"*Jazu Maria,*" shouted Roznak, the bartender, who was working down at the other end of the bar. He dropped the glass he was wiping and turned the radio up full blast. The announcer's urgent voice declared:

At 7:15 this morning, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. Even now this prime United States Naval base lies smouldering in ruin. President Roosevelt has called . . .

"It's war!" Milan shouted, and pumped up so abruptly he sent his neat stacks of pennies clattering to the floor. All three pinochle players pushed to the radio.

. . . over 4,000 planes blackened the sky and hailed the base with tons of bombs. Men, women and children perished in the holocaust, and . . .

OVER on the bar stool Caspar sat stunned. At first he didn't realize what had happened, but then truth dawned. He saw hundreds of Stephanys sprawled in the streets while shrieking dive-bombers, like the ones he had seen in the movies, disgorged their clusters of bombs. He heard the wail and rip of the explosions. Oh, but it could not be. Hundreds of golden birds lying broken in the streets. They would not laugh as they play, hum as they help with the dishes. And he saw them everywhere, their golden heads shining in the glare of the fires.

And still the planes droned overhead—black, evil, menacing. A weird feeling welled up from the very soles of his brown shoes. In a flash the feather was gone. Only a dry, hard lump remained. Shame, something he had never before experienced, gripped him, and he pushed the glass away in disgust. The thought of food sickened him. He got off the stool and walked out the door. No one had noticed him leave.

Outside, the streets were deserted. The long road led far and away—to the ocean where you could see the smoke rising from the sea. He was heavy inside. It was no fun to watch his shoes flick out. He shuffled along toward Baker street where he would turn left and in six blocks be home. The puppies in the window huddled sadly. Four mine workers stood talking under a lamp post. "Hey, Caspar. You headin' over to get the Japs. Sic em, get 'em boy!" They laughed. He crossed the street. He forgot to look both ways, but no matter, everyone was home mourning the golden birds.

WHEN he reached home, he trudged slowly up the stairs. They creaked, and he wished he was as light as an angel so no one would hear him return. He passed the Patrosh flat. The old lady sat by the radio and did not look up. He went up, up—slowly. He did not count the stairs. Now by his door. He was up high. Maybe he could see the smoke from here. But he didn't know where to look.

His hand fumbled for the knob. The bicycle! Stephany's crumpled bicycle. He knelt beside it and ran his fingers over the rusted, cold frame. How old and dirty it has become since that day. In the far distance he could see Stephany laughing, shouting to him to watch her ride.

"Caspar." His father stood in the doorway. "What the hell you doing. Get in and eat, *Fras!*"

Caspar straightened up. He kicked his toe against the wheel and watched it slowly revolve. Just as his father was about to shout at him again, he entered and went straight to the bathroom. He splashed cold water on his face, avoided looking in the mirror, then went into the kitchen. Halupki! He dropped into the chair, crossed himself, and speared a larger cabbage roll with fork, pushing as much as he could into his mouth. How warm and delicious. Suddenly he remembered and the food lumped in his cheek.

"What's the matter," his father growled. "You hog pretzels all day at Roznak's. Eat. Eat! unholy swine."

"Stanye," his mother cried. "By the holy Virgin, why do you torment him so. Eat, little one."

But he could not eat. He felt like he was going down in the elevator in the building where papa worked. His thick fingers fumbled with the edge of the slick oil-cloth. He was hollow inside, empty like the church was on Saturday afternoon when he went to empty buckets for the cleaning

women. He slumped over until his paunch sagged over his belt.

But to please his mother he ate, then he went to his room and undressed. He lay with his arms flat at his sides and thought. He was in the midst of war. Great planes dove down screeching like the brakes of heavy trucks. He was standing on the curb, watching a mother kneel beside her golden bird. He felt the hot liquid well in the corner of his eyes and run down his cheeks, but he did not rub them. It made him feel better not to rub the tickling. Then he noticed something strange. The whole city around him began to revolve slowly. The gaunt black buildings swung to the left; he stood in the center and all spun around him. Slowly, silently, around and around. Suddenly the whole scene vanished in a brilliant flash of light like the flash of the photographer's light bulb, and he knew what he must do. He must do it now.

HE SWUNG out of bed and went down on his knees in search of his slippers. He found one and jammed it on his foot. Where was the other? No matter. He did not need it. He slipped the shirt from the doorknob, put one arm into a sleeve and forgot the other. The shirt hung half off, and the left sleeve dragged on the

floor as he ran to the kitchen. He put the bucket in the sink, and opened the faucet wide. In went the soap chips. They refused to dissolve in the cold, hard water and whirled madly. The swirling chips were a sign too. Even they knew what he must do. His bare left foot rubbed against the warm felt of the slipped foot. Maybe, maybe the feather would be back. Already he smiled, and he saw the mothers smiling, and the golden birds laughing and dancing on their tiny feet. He jerked the full bucket from the sink; the cold water sloshed over his pants, but he felt nothing. Catching up a bit of steel wool and a towel, he went out on the back porch. He thought he heard his mother getting up. But she was far away, and even farther as he closed the door.

Mrs. Berzinski heard the water pounding in the sink and the door close. She rose quietly so as not to wake Stanye and drew the frayed night gown about her neck. She padded to the kitchen and turned off the water and mopped up the floor. She could hear Caspar laughing on the back porch. "Oh *Jazu, Jazu.*" She felt the presence of the Holy Virgin and wept. She knew what her baby was doing. She heard his laughter and the soft scratching of the steel wool on the bicycle.

JAMES JOYCE

By
Thomas
Mahoney



JAMES Augustine Aloysius Joyce, regarded as one of the greatest literary talents of the twentieth century, was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1882. As a youth, the brilliant, introspective Joyce vehemently rebelled against the bigotry and insularity of his Irish Roman Catholic heritage. He treated with contempt the Irish Renaissance in poetry and drama that captivated the lesser Irish artists. Early he became interested in the study of linguistics and philology, which, in *Finnegan's Wake*, culminated in an attempt to transcend the limitations

of the English Language. Although a self-exile from his homeland, Joyce limited his subjects to the city of Dublin, its people, its streets, its history and, more importantly, to Joyce himself.

These few facts make up the beginning of a path to the understanding of the writings of Joyce. But the path, so easy at the start, begins a steep ascent that rapidly trails off into clouds of confusion and frustration. As a result, Joycean criticism today is near chaos. Some label him the great Catholic writer of our age, and his epic masterpiece *Ulysses* as the greatest Catholic book since the *Divine Comedy*. Other critics, now certainly discredited, labeled him Satan incarnate and his writings diabolic studies in filth. Today, however, no person with critical acumen can shrug off Joyce as a "dirty" writer, his books as meaningless obscurity.

Modern criticism, consequently, begins with a single fundamental tenet: the works of Joyce are immortal. Beyond this point it is difficult to say anything that has not already been said and held. His works are still rewarding mines for those who would reach down and wrench from them his extremely rich and skillful store of fictional technique.

To begin with, let us attempt to discover some order in critical trends, and then pass on to a discussion of why Joyce's creative efforts are immortal. William M. Schulte, in a recent doctoral dis-

sertation, *Joyce and Shakespeare*, devotes his opening remarks to an analysis of the present state of Joycean criticism. He divides the critics into three main groups. The first views the works as a source, practically inexhaustible, of symbolic threads, waiting to be wound together by the acute critic. The second group chuckles at the symbol hunters, satisfied that Joyce himself, the author of great comic books, shares their laughter. For them, for example, *Ulysses* is a great prose work in the realistic vein, of which symbolism is of only fleeting importance. Some members of this school see this work ultimately as a great joke on those who try to interpret it as anything else. The third group takes a middle approach. They recognize the importance of symbolism in its vast structure, but hesitate to assign it significance beyond its obvious merit. This is an oversimplification of Schulte's analysis, but it serves to present an ordered picture of the chief schools of Joycean thought.

It remains now to discover why Joyce is considered a great genius of English literature. The library shelves swell daily with new books by discerning critics who have discovered new facets of Joyce's genius. But generally, the discoveries fall into two groups which, for the sake of convenience, can be labeled as intrinsic and extrinsic.

The extrinsic level deals with form and design, and centers

around the aesthetic notion of unity. Joyce's works transcend the ordinary notion of unity, for not only is each of his three great masterpieces a whole in itself, but each is a unit in a greater whole that knits all into one. Our first insight into the works of Joyce as a whole comes early in his first long work, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. In one scene Stephen Dedalus, who is none other than Joyce himself, is talking with a disinterested fellow student at Dublin's University College. Excitedly, he states and defines the three forms of art—the lyric, epic, and dramatic. It is in this dialogue that Joyce outlines for the reader the scope and plan of his three greatest works: the *Portrait*, *Ulysses*, and *Finnegan's Wake*.

Stephen-Joyce begins by defining the lyric as "the form wherein he (the artist) presents his image in mediate relationship to himself." Now the *Portrait* is the story of the childhood and early manhood of Joyce until the time he left Ireland, determined to seek his destiny as an artist away from her intellectually stifling climate. The story is ultra-subjective; everything that occurs, even exists, does so only in terms of the young hero, Stephen Dedalus-Joyce. Hence, the story conforms to Joyce's notion of the lyric.

Stephen next defines the epic form as "the form wherein he (the artist) presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to others." In *Ulysses*, Joyce's second

great work and a continuation of the first, Stephen-Joyce has returned to Ireland, called back by the death of his mother. He soon leaves again, never to return. Just as Joyce's definition of the epic predicted, we experience a partial break away from Stephen. Early in the narrative we observe him in his new role as the modern Telemachus, and in his mind we move along Dublin's Sandymount Strand, receiving the first full impact of the power of the "stream of consciousness" technique. But soon we are drawn away from Stephen and thrust into the affairs of everyday Dublin life. No longer does everything happen in terms of the familiar Stephen, for we begin to see the artist's image in mediate relation to others.

Lastly, Stephen-Joyce explains that the dramatic form is the form wherein the artist completely withdraws himself from the artifact. And this is precisely the form that Joyce utilizes for his final effort, *Finnegan's Wake*. The work, on its most literal level, presents the dreams and nightmares of H. C. Earwicker and his family, treats of Dublin and its vicinity, then branches out to encompass the entire history of the human race, including the fall and redemption. Throughout the work the artist himself never appears.

THESE three works of Joyce, therefore, are meant to be read in order, as it is only in terms of its relationship with the other writings that we can fully appre-

ciate any single book. On the extrinsic level, Joyce mastered the aesthetic problem of unity. Let us now probe into the more complex intrinsic merits of Joyce's creations.

Joyce achieves intrinsic unity in his work by ingeniously limiting the scope of his subject matter. Although his work is narrower in breadth than that of any of his contemporaries, it sinks its roots deeper, and sends the branches of its single tree, Dublin, out to touch every facet of human existence, thereby achieving universality. But the internal aspects of Joyce's works, aside from these obvious generalities, are still the subject of heated controversy, stemming from a confused notion of Joyce's intentions. The confusion does not arise wholly from particular passages or references in his works. On the contrary, it extends to the most fundamental of questions. Critics have yet to grasp the total significance of his writings.

One of the basic ways of approaching Joyce is through his autobiographical character, Stephen Dedalus. Though this approach will not conduct us safely over the misted peaks of Joyce's thought, it at least insures a safe beginning. The key to Joyce's aim in life is phrased by Stephen in the *Portrait*: "You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets." Thus Joyce desired to fly by Ireland and her Catholic Church, two nets which he felt would

stifle his creative genius. But we know that Joyce never eluded those nets. Wherever he went on his long, self-imposed exile from his native land, those nets continued to cast a shadow over him.

IN many respects the *Portrait* can tell us more of Joyce the man than can *Ulysses*. The structure of the latter is so elaborate that it almost defies true familiarity. But retaining in mind the fact that the *Portrait* is a deft combination of factual, imaginative, and fanciful material, we can learn a great deal about the young Joyce from it.

Joyce is hard on his prototype, young Stephen. Stephen Dedalus is bookish, stuffy—scarcely approachable. And if we are to believe John Eglinton, who appears as himself in the Scylla and Charybdis episode of *Ulysses*, this is an accurate picture of the young Joyce of the time. But the *Portrait* is more than a sketch of Joyce-Dedalus the young man. Much of it is concerned with the childhood and early adolescence of the hero. Stephen did not become a boor without help. He was a lonely, sensitive child, who, finding nobody to comfort him, no one in whom he could confide, evolved into a cynical young rebel, overly critical of all save himself.

The blame for what happened to the growing Stephen (and it is significant that he just grows, never matures), must rest somewhere, and Joyce chose to rest it with the powerful Church in Ire-

land. If Stephen never inhales the clean hardy air of boyhood, it is because he grows in the musty shadow of the Church. As Stephen approaches manhood, he senses that it is the Church he must escape if he is to be loyal to his artistic vocation. With the nationalistic movement and the Gaelic revival he will have nothing to do. He realizes only too well how the petty jealousies of Ireland's leaders had so often in the past worked against the cause of her freedom. The Irish had never unified themselves politically until Britain's yoke was firmly on their shoulders. Stephen Dedalus' calling is to be an artist, not a martyr.

The young Stephen, allowed to sit with his family for the first time at Christmas dinner, finds himself in the midst of a violent argument over the power of the clergy in Ireland. Too young to understand the meaning of what he is hearing, he nevertheless is thrilled as his father rants against the priests who caused the downfall of Charles Stewart Parnell. The case of Parnell is the strongest of indictments against the influence the Church held over Catholic Ireland. Parnell's fall came at a time when the great parliamentary leader's shrewd work on behalf of the repeal of the Act of Union might have at long last brought Ireland her own parliament. But the clergy flung their nets at him because his Protestant standards of mortality concerning divorce did not con-

from with theirs. But their nets will not ensnare Stephen, nor hinder him and his art, because he will fly by their nets.

Stephen the adolescent, at the age of sixteen, dreads the approach of the coming retreat because he is in the state of mortal sin. He has visited often the brothel section of Dublin, and when the Jesuit retreat master systematically presents a concrete picture of hell to the boys at the college, Stephen sits frozen with terror: ". . . the prisoners (in hell) are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick . . ."

STEPHEN repents, confesses, and for a period his life takes on great spiritual significance. Then one day the director of the College singles him out from his classmates with an invitation to join the Society of Jesus. The request does not catch Stephen completely unaware. He has often thought of himself "wielding calmly and humbly the awful power of which angels and saints stood in reverence!" Stephen does not respond with an outward no, but somehow he realizes that he will never be a priest of the Catholic Church. Instead it is his calling to be an artist, to "recreate life out of life." Somehow he perceives this, but he is destined never to know with certainty if his decision is the right one. He is to be plagued always by the terrible thought of what might have been.

Thus Stephen reaches his decision to leave his home and religion and seek to create beauty. But only God can create. The artist can but shape, create only in a secondary sense. Stephen knows this. He does not deny the God of the Roman Catholics. He fears Him. But he will not serve Him. His sin is that terrible one of pride. He re-echoes Milton's Satan: "*Non serviam.*"

Stephen has left the Catholic Church forever. And for him there is no other. When asked if he will become a Protestant, his reply is a typically curt Dedalian: "I said that I had lost the faith, but not that I had lost self-respect."

THOUGH Stephen, like Joyce, left the Church never to return, like Joyce, he returned again to Ireland for a brief period, called there by the death of his mother. It is during this period of temporary stay in Dublin that the narrative of *Ulysses* unfolds. The Stephen we encounter in *Ulysses* is the same Stephen of whom we took leave in the closing pages of the *Portrait*. If he has garnered any of the "reality of experience" which he sought during his brief exile, he reveals very little of it to us. The only noticeable thing he seems to have acquired is a greater appreciation for the stout brewed by Guinness. But Stephen has changed. Not from anything he absorbed during his exile, but rather as a result of the death of his mother. Stephen's conscience now bothers him and will continue to give him

unrest for the rest of his life. He had refused his mother's dying request that he kneel at her bedside. So great was his pride he could not even pay lip service to the Church.

Stephen goes on a drunken spree on the night of the single day in which the epic unfolds, a spree climaxed by the meeting of Ulysses-Leopold Bloom and Telemachus-Stephen Dedalus. But not even the alcohol can erase from his memory the sight and odor of her death bed. With her death he associates strains of music from the Requiem Mass. Stephen will be forever tormented by these haunting chords. Only by devoting himself to his art with all the zeal he possesses might he soothe his conscience, justify his choice of art over the priesthood.

Stephen, we know, will never be more than a potential artist. He can never mold his experiences into lasting form because he has never matured. When he first left Ireland, he was most certain that he was right to do so. The terrible doubts, pangs of conscience which he feels in *Ulysses*, he had never before felt. Only for the short duration of the retreat had he felt anything akin to them. Stephen will leave Ireland the second time taking nothing with him except a guilty conscience.

BUT when Joyce left Ireland, he took Ireland with him. He never turned anywhere in his work except back to the Ireland he knew. When he sailed away he

had absorbed the material which would last him a life time and bring him worldwide recognition as one of the greatest writers of his time.

Once we leave the character of Stephen, we gradually become lost in a cloud of confusion that grows densest in *Finnegan's Wake*, the full significance of which still eludes the grasp of the most penetrating of modern

critics. Outwardly, we know that Joyce's works readily reveal the inherent brilliance of his logical thought. Inwardly, they reflect the complexity of Joyce's character, and simultaneously plumb the depths of the soul of humanity. Joyce has already proved to the world his genius, but it is now the task of our bewildered critics to determine exactly its height and breadth and depth.

Trees

Whispering, whispering, daylight trees,
Little bird listen to the soft-blown leaves,
Play with the wind as it pulls your hair,
God loves the world,
And God loves thee.

Dancing, dancing, twilight trees,
Little bird listen to the sun-kissed leaves,
Love with the wind as it calls your name,
God made the world
And God loves thee.

Crying, crying night time trees,
Little bird sleep 'neath the rustling leaves,
Sob for the wind, far, far away,
God bless the world
And God loves thee.

RONALD MOORMAN

Degrees For Sale

By

James

O'Brien

IN medieval times the serf who jockeyed a splinter-handled plow fourteen hours a day had little time or energy to forage through the fields of scholarship. Whether he differed essentially from the bony-haunched, sweaty ox which strained at the leashes of his plow never occurred to this slave. Indeed, he plodded through the moist soil along with his animal until the lengthy shadows of nearby trees announced the time to return to his hut for a night of restful sleep.

Such questions as whether the serf did differ from his ox, however, were not totally ignored by the medievals. During the 13th century a widespread desire for knowledge crystallized in the founding of the medieval universities. Wandering scholars trekked along river valleys till they eventually congregated with other scholars at such points as Paris,

Bologna, and Oxford. Intelligent sons of wealthy lords, anxious to cultivate their minds, drove in their carriages to the newly sprung-up centers of learning. Monastic clerics laid aside their quills and manuscripts in order to aid the new task of building to what was previously known. These men, though extremely diverse in occupation and temperament, all burned with a common desire, the desire to apprehend and interpret the world about them. Their congregating was no more unnatural than the piling up of diverse pieces of metal on a magnet.

With the discovery and settling of the New World, the desire for education sprang up in America. Unfortunately, however, it was a desire to accept what the European scholars had accomplished rather than a desire for new knowledge. The blossoms of acquired knowledge were handed across the ocean and American educators were unwilling to plant the seeds that would lead to new and fresh conclusions.

DURING the 19th century educators were pushing our citizens into rather than drawing them towards our colleges. As historian Arthur Bestor points out: "No American institution of higher education can properly be said to have developed out of a spontaneous gathering of learned men, to whom students gravitated."

Around 1875, there did creep into the American university an

urge for original thought. This urge for intellectual research was accelerated by the initiation into the realm of university studies of a new body of knowledge, the natural sciences. But at the very time that scholars were reaching down to elevate the natural sciences, a new force from underneath began snatching into the fund of these selfsame sciences and ripping their unity to shreds. This force sprung from the Industrial Revolution and its influence on the colleges was well recognized. As early as 1842 President Francis Wayland of Brown named the boosters of this force and predicted the inevitable effects of their influence: "If the colleges do not provide training desired by mercantile and industrial interests, business men will set up competing schools."

So indebted to the tax-paying public were the colleges that they yielded to this pressure without resisting. And as the practical needs of the American people became more acute, intellectual development for its own sake was buried underneath the demands of specialization. As historian Bestor points out, "If the sciences were more useful than the classics . . . then job-training was more useful than science . . . The direct approach was the only justifiable one—not botany, but vocational agriculture, not economics but business management, not chemistry but home economics, not scholarship and science but applied pedagogy." So uniform has

been the college's obeisance to the god of vocationalization that Harvard's president Griswald recently declared: "These studies (the liberal arts) are disappearing under a layer of vocational and other substitutes like the landscape in the ice age, only this glacier reaches from coast to coast and border to border."

TODAY'S American college differs drastically from its medieval ancestor. Rejecting the aloofness of the latter, today's colleges flood the living room of every high school senior with pamphlets proclaiming their suitable location, their modern athletic facilities, their frequent social functions, and their wide range of subjects. All high school seniors, whether capable of understanding Einstein's Relativity or whether ignorant of nouns and verbs, receive the calling. And how can very many turn it down when their Babbitt-like fathers and uneducated aunts are drawing forth their checkbooks for financial support and prattling that "education is such a wonderful thing."

The colleges have accepted those who, in medieval times, would be jockeying plows and seining for fish, and the result has been this: practical training has replaced meditation on man's universal problems. The colleges, in Bestor's estimation, accommodate the flood of students by devising an "elaborate system of academic bookkeeping to keep track of the dribblets of credits which each stu-

dent is periodically depositing in the bank as part of what amounts to an installment-purchase for the acquiring of university degrees."

Eventually, says educator William Britton, the product of this banking system receives his degree "in full view of adoring parents, amid scenes of medieval splendor. The young A.B. goes forth to get a job. He files his diploma in the bottom drawer. He returns to his alma mater X years later to attend alumni reunions and football games. He has not seen his diploma for years. It is now rumpled or mildewed or even lost. He has sold all his textbooks and for years has made little contribution to the upkeep of the publishing business of the English-speaking world. Education has now become, largely, a process of osmosis from daily papers and magazines, from conversation, from radio and television."

WHILE college presidents and educators deplore this situation, they find themselves handcuffed when the question of correcting it arises. To operate a college they must throw open its doors to those who support it. The American educators in the 19th century set the colleges rolling on the financial track of the public. Now that mobs of students are giving impetus to the slogan, 'a college education for all,' it will be very difficult to apply the brakes. Within the next decade the "war babies" will pour into the colleges and double their

enrollment. Presently, some educators are fretting over the number of teachers and the amount of money that will be required to accommodate this expected deluge. Others however, are pleading for a return to a more exclusive student body. They ask that rigid standards be set up, not according to the medieval distinctions of class, but according to the humane considerations of native intelligence, susceptibility, and curiosity.

That a return to such standards will induce a revivification and expansion of scholarship is evident. The difficulty, however, lies in selling to the American public the idea that their dollars will be put to better use if the intellectual quality of the college student is kept on a high level.

The American buyer, in paying for service, demands that the service rendered be tangible and that it benefit himself. Thus, if he drives into a filling station and asks for gas, he expects to see the nozzle of the pump sticking into the opening of his own gas tank. And if he does not see this, he will not pay the sum of dollars and cents clicked off by the register of the gas pump.

In regard to the college, the benefits of the average citizen are remote and indirect, and educators encounter many obstacles in trying to point out to this citizen just wherein do lie tangible and self-beneficial results.

THERE is, however, one tangible mis-result that could be em-

ployed to rouse a non-perceptive public. This is the fact that much of their own money is being wasted by college students who loll in bed half the day, drink beer half the night, and shun the library as if a cancer resided within its doors. The American buyer would surely be unwilling to support such a drifter. The American public as a body would quickly shut its pocketbook in view of such unwarranted waste. Even individual vanities and self-indulgences would bow to the American business god of efficient spending.

In order that the flow of public support is not completely dammed-up, however, educators must point out that the capable student does render a service to American society. He who tears apart and solves academic problems can and will tear apart and solve civic problems. He who tears apart and solves academic problems can and will tear apart and solve professional problems. Such a principle was already recognized in the last century by John Stuart Mill, who said: "Men are men before they are lawyers or physicians or manufacturers; and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers and physicians."

President Griswold of Yale fortifies Mill's words in holding that the purpose of education is "to awaken and develop the intellectual and spiritual powers in the individual before he enters

upon his chosen career so that he may bring to that career the greatest possible assets of intelligence are not necessarily the only leaders in society and the professions, but they are the only leaders capable of truly directing. An Alger Hiss is a better leader for society than a floundering politician, for a Hiss at least knows what one member of society (himself) wants.

To produce well-developed leaders, the colleges must admit only those with intelligence, curiosity, and an anxiousness to contribute. This intelligence must be liberal; it must be seeking; it must wish to tear away the veils that hide additional knowledge of

a given subject. Out of such an intelligence naturally grows a curiosity and an anxiousness to contribute.

Such standards, practically speaking, will be difficult to apply to high school seniors. But educators must find persons who are both capable of and willing to pursue and advance culture. They must also find persons who will serve society and the professions. The practical solution lies somewhere, perhaps in establishing two-year junior colleges, perhaps in revamping the high school approach. Wherever it lies, it must be found, for soon the mob shrieking for parchment diplomas will trample the colleges beyond the point of repair.

Sunset

Three birds sliding into sunset calm
Slipping twixt and tween
Three songs intertwined
Of love, of night, of Christ.

Came and went they
Flitting past my eyes
Their soft wing touch scoring deep
Within my soul a sigh.

—CYRIL GULASSA

THAT DAILY PLAGUE

By
Paul Kreitz

SOMEWHERE back in prehistoric times a man with initiative and foresight noted that his mate, unencumbered by an itchy mass of hair on her face, was much more comfortable in warm weather than he was. He decided there must be something he could do about it, so he began looking for a method of removing his beard. He probably took a piece of sharp flint and scraped it along his beard until it was cut as close to the skin as possible. His pals immediately acclaimed him as the style leader

of his day, and men throughout his tribe raced to the corner rock pile to get their flint. From this humble beginning in the Stone Age to the present day, razors have helped man cope with what Byron called the "daily plague."

Since the flint used by the distinguished tribesman above, materials used in shaving have steadily improved. About 3000 B.C. the inhabitants of present day Turkey were using razors made with slate handles and glass formed by the heat of volcanoes. These are the oldest razors we have today, but it is certain that other forms were used before 3000 B.C. Some people believe that the early Egyptians used broken Coke bottles, but we have no proof of this fact. Actually, any hard substance which had or could be given a sharp edge was used. Fragments of sea shells and shark teeth were quite common. Some heroic men with iron nerves even plucked their whiskers out one at a time. A few remote tribes of central Africa and the islands of the South Pacific still use such ancient methods of shaving.

As we move up a bit in the chronological scale, we find the Romans of the time of Christ using a flat bronze disc shaped like a half moon. It featured a small handle on one end, and if the owner was wealthy, he had it heavily ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones. In Ireland, at this same time, the men were using knife-like, iron beard removers.

Although the Medieval gentleman received many close shaves while dueling, he preferred bronze or iron blades for the task. These blades were similar to the ones used by Caesar and Augustus.

In the early pioneering days of Western America the men shaved with the same axe that they used to clear their land, build their cabins, fashion their furniture and dig their graves.

BUT man was not satisfied with these forms of razors. He could not get a blade sharp enough to give him a close shave without cutting into his skin. With the invention of hardened steels, he found a material that was strong enough to take and hold a sharp edge. When he put a pin through one end of the blade and fastened it to a hollowed-out horn, enabling it to be folded, the straight razor was born. For hundreds of years the straight razor was thought to be the ultimate weapon in the war against whiskers.

But just as in the field of physical warfare, today's ultimate weapon is tomorrow's museum piece. At one time men hailed the club as the ultimate weapon, but the bow and arrow replaced it. The straight razor today is making the same exit as the club, bow and arrow, catapult, and all other ultimate weapons. Since too many men cut themselves with the straight razor, American inventive genius produced a new type of razor which soon became popular the world over, the safety

razor. With this invention daily shaving became almost mandatory. Before the advent of the safety razor many prominent men, such as the Smith Brothers, wore heavy beards as a mark of distinction. Today, however, a beard is considered a mark of eccentricity.

Within the last thirty years, a new upstart has appeared on the shaving scene. Jacob Schick, retired army colonel, wondering what product he could produce that every male would have to have, hit upon the idea of a new type of shaver. Starting with a modification of the safety razor, he devised a magazine loaded razor called the Schick Injector Razor. The invention was sound, and he made a fortune on it, but he was not satisfied because it was not really new. With the profit he made on the injector Razor he experimented with electrical shaving. In 1928, he applied for his first patent, and in 1931, he began production of the Schick Electric Dry Razor. At first little more than a fad, the electric razor quickly won a large share of devotees.

AT PRESENT three types of shaving instruments are in general use, the straight razor, the safety razor, the electric shaver. The straight razor is used by most barbers and some diehards who delight in their steady hands. The safety razor is used by most men in their homes. The electric shavers, although relatively new on the market, is threatening the safety

razor for the lead. The chief reasons for its popularity are its convenience, neatness, and portability. A business man can remove his five o'clock shadow in his office before an important conference, a college student can take a three minute shave before rushing to his eight o'clock class, or a politician can shave quickly between speeches.

As efficient and convenient as it is, the electric shaver still excites the interests of inventors who wish to lessen even further the problems of shaving. *Popular Science* recently printed an article giving directions for building a unit to convert six or twelve volt current from an automobile battery to 110 volt current to run an electric shaver because, "Once your skin loves the touch of an electric shaver, you may dread the thought of a blade on vacations." It also illustrated how to build a unit to convert house current from AC to DC because shavers "run peppier on DC, giving faster, closer shaves."

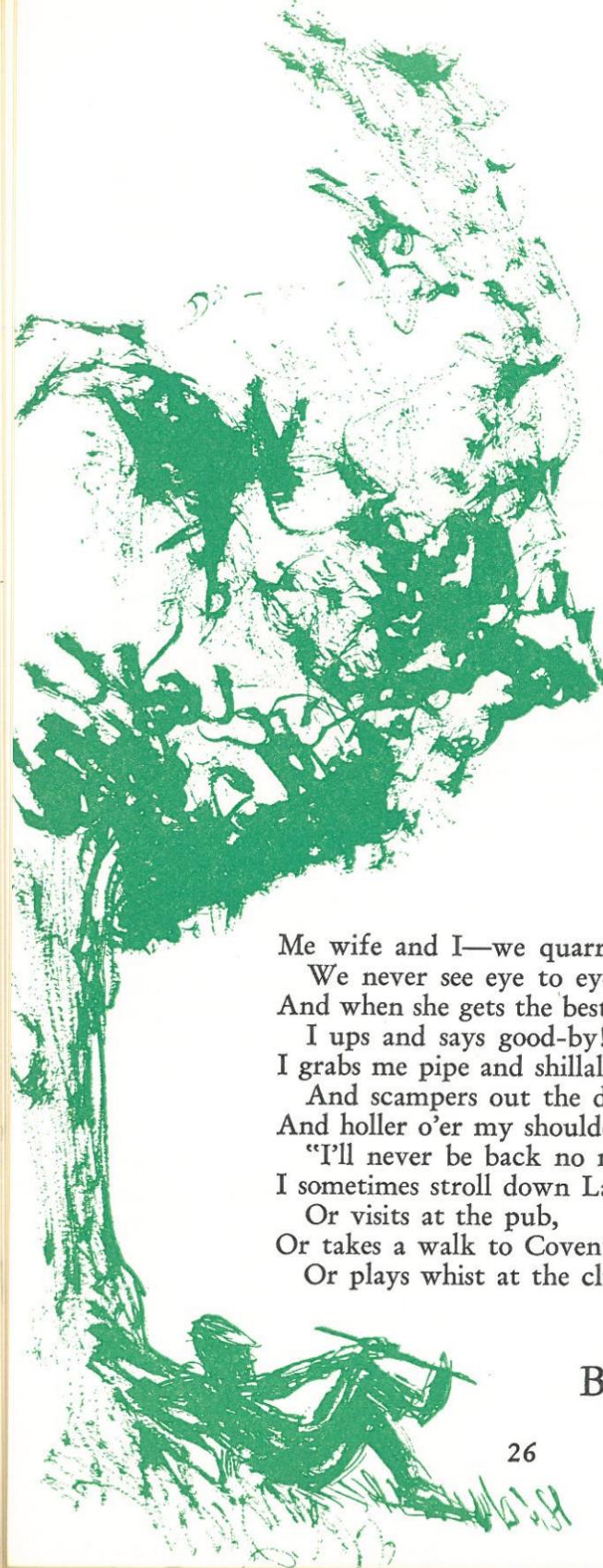
Although Byron properly called shaving a "daily plague," the term does not apply in all cases. To the youth, shaving is a sign of manhood. Bishop Sheen once opened his television show "Life Is Worth Living" with the story of a young lad who began to notice a bit of peach fuzz on his chin. He immediately rushed to the corner drugstore to buy a razor. There he saw a display for Gillette razors marked "Light" for the young man, "Regular" for

the average beard, and "Heavy" for the man with a heavy beard. Promptly, the boy selected the "Heavy" razor.

WOMEN, it seems, will not leave any field exclusively to the male. She has gained the vote, learned to drive and smoke, entered politics, and now has taken over the last of male functions, shaving. Manufacturers have designed electric shavers especially for her use, such as the "Lady Schick."

People should not be misled into thinking that razors are exclusively used for shaving. They have been used for shaving the fuzz off a peach on television, for scraping gum off floors, and making model airplanes. In its January, 1956 issue, *Popular Science* listed the following uses for discarded safety razors: a bench stop, twine cutter, tool handle, pin vise, punch, jig for model ship rigging, tack puller, pencil sharpener, and sander for concaved surfaces.

From a simple piece of sharp stone to a complex mechanical gadget, the razor has evolved along with the needs of man. As it became more safe to handle, its services were employed by women; and as it became more complex, new uses for it were discovered. With a few more improvements the razor may not only turn man's "daily plague" into a perpetual pleasure, but may solve many of the problems that harass the average household engineer.



Vision
of
Patrick
O'Handlon

Me wife and I—we quarrel,
We never see eye to eye.
And when she gets the best of me,
I ups and says good-by!
I grabs me pipe and shillalah
And scampers out the door,
And holler o'er my shoulder,
"I'll never be back no more."
I sometimes stroll down Larry's lane
Or visits at the pub,
Or takes a walk to Coventry
Or plays whist at the club.

By Patrick Patterson

But once, for some strange reason,
 (Perhaps for a change of scene)
I walked down to Michael's woods
 To slumber on the green.
I must have slept an hour
 When me thought I heard a sound,
And low and behold before me
 Leprechauns danced around.
I squinted me eyes and rubbed 'em twice
 And called down good saint Pat.
In all me days in Ireland
 I ne'er saw a sight like that.
They danced, and sang, and joked around
 And almost made me laugh.
They kept this up for quite some time—
 An hour and a half.
And then the leader of the group
 Cried out a magic word,
And millions of more came running—
 Such sounds I've never heard.
And glory be to saint Patrick
 And all ye saints of old,
There followed them a rainbow
 With a pot of shining gold.
Now the boys down at O'Malley's
 Would ne'er believe this tale,
Unless I takes them home some gold
 And buys them all some ale.
But how to steal a bag of gold
 And not be seen by none?
For sure and there's a terrible curse
 For scaring a leprechaun.
And as I sat a wondering,
 A great big dog came by,
And disappeared the little tykes
 Before me very eye.
Now if ye don't believe this tale,
 And some there are who won't;
Just take a walk to Michael's woods—
 It's just a little jaunt.
But still if ye don't believe me,
 But think it an Irish lie;
Meself, I'll always believe it
 Until the day I die.

THE NOUS

By

WILLIAM McCREA

THE FREQUENTLY coined phrase "Fate acts in strange ways" is well exemplified by the life of a certain early Greek philosopher. Here was a man so atheistic that he even scorned the famous gods of Athens, yet who is remembered for a contribution made in the field of religion. He prided himself on being a strict natural philosopher, yet he made the first transition to the immaterial. The people he taught encouraged him to seek truth, but when he discovered it, they threatened his very life. Who was this man of antiquity whose purposes were twisted and put to nought by fate? More important, what makes him a notable character of history?

I
WHILE HIS fellow noblemen directed their serfs to till the fields of Ionia, Anaxagoras of Clazomenae directed his attention to the lectures of Anaximenes the philosopher.

Under this philosopher's influence, Anaxagoras acquired a strict, common sense attitude toward nature, and a cold indifference to religion. He displayed a rare sense of perception that soon won him recognition in the eyes of the Ionian Greeks.

Anaxagoras presented solutions to several natural phenomena. Presenting his conclusions with complete confidence and an overbearing personality, he soon influenced many along the western

coast of Asia Minor. But few displayed a real enthusiasm for his theories. The ambitious sage of Clazomenae was quick to express dissatisfaction with the size of his following and the relative ignorance of his disciples.

While Anaxagoras mumbled his tribulations, Pericles (leader of the Athenian Strategoi) launched a plan to make Athens the center of all Greek culture. Pericles sent notes to all parts of the Greek world, inviting poets, writers, sculptors, artists, and philosophers to come to Athens and practice at state expense. The invitation pleased Anaxagoras, and he sailed almost immediately for Attica. No doubt he visioned Athens as a place of thousands of philosophically minded people who would enthusiastically follow him.

Athens offered all that Anaxagoras had expected—and more. His seed of critical observation flourished in the intellectual atmosphere of the Attican city. He forwarded correct theories concerning the stars and planets. He declared that the moon received its light from the sun. He explained the winds, and taught that meteorites came from the sky. These, and similar hypotheses, were readily accepted by the Athenians.

Pleased with his success in astronomy and natural science, Anaxagoras formed a cosmology.

Since he believed unconditionally in the testimony of the senses, he immediately opposed the theory of atoms proposed by Demo-

critus. He rejected as illogical the theory of four basic elements, suggested by Empedocles. Finally, Anaxagoras decided to base his cosmology on the Parmenidean canon, "What is cannot come from what is not." Using the canon as a starting point, he established three other axioms:

- 1) Matter is uncreated and indestructable.
- 2) All things can change into all other things.
- 3) Matter is infinitely divisible.

ELABORATING ON his axioms, Anaxagoras stated that all things existed from the beginning. Things, however, were not objects, but infinitely small particles that formed an infinite mass which stretched endlessly through space. Objects become distinguishable, that is, come into being, when conditions are favorable for the infinitely small particles to combine. By the same rule, things "disappear", lose their existence, when conditions are unfavorable for coagulation. Therefore, we find gold where the conditions are favorable for the infinitely small gold particles to combine. Conversely, ice "melts" when the conditions (in this case, temperature and pressure) are unfavorable for the coagulation of ice particles. In his thesis he states:

Nothing is created—nothing is destroyed; that which is mingles or separates, is united or dissolved. Birth is a synthesis, death an analysis.

This explanation for being or non-being from the argument of synthesis is far from a complete cosmology. How, for instance, does he fill the chasm between the Parmenidean canon and his axiom "All things can change into all other things?"

If these two statements are used as premises for a syllogism, the postulate needed to complete his argument concerning change appears as the conclusion:

What is cannot come from what is not.

All things can change into all other things.

Therefore, all things must contain all other things.

The conclusion of the syllogism is a most interesting aspect of Anaxagoras' cosmos. It infers that all material things must have within their structure some particle of all other substances. To uphold this statement, he presents the example of the loaf of bread.

Bread appears to contain only flour, water, and leaven. If the bread is eaten, the body changes it into tissue, and during this change the bread dissolves because its conditions of coagulations are no longer present. However, all that was in the bread does not disappear. The bread gives us nourishment—in other words, it supplies material for the processes that make muscle, bone, etc. Thus, the particles that coagulate in the body to form tissue must have been present in the bread before it was eaten. This is the pro-

cess that he gives to explain all change.

Needing another pillar to hold up his cosmology, Anaxagoras explained his concept of individuality. He argued that "the only difference between two kinds of substances is the degree of the four basic properties present in each." What are the "four basic properties," he asks? Anaxagoras showed little originality in determining these properties, preferring instead to accept three of them from prominent philosophers of the time. The properties are four pairs of opposites:

Wet and Dry—from Milesian

Dense and Rare—taught by Anaximenes

Bright and Dark—Parmenides

Hot and Cold—added by Anaxagoras

From these opposites we can conclude that he would enumerate the differences between bread and ice as these: Bread is light, ice is heavy; bread is dry, ice is wet; bread is hot, ice is cold; etc. All properties of matter, therefore, are relative to one another.

II

GREEK PHILOSOPHERS in the fifth century examined one material object at a time in order to determine its material properties. This individual analysis gave the philosopher an insight into many natural phenomena, but it failed to co-relate these phenomena from the viewpoint of reality as a whole. For example, Anaximenes held that all objects were related merely by their common

quality of density. Democritus stated that all matter is composed of atoms, but he also let the relationship of material objects rest upon this single postulate. This process of reaching farther and farther into a single phase of reality, of isolating it from the world and then defining it in its own terms, prevailed among most of the philosophers. Consequently, their cosmologies contained many substantiated facts, but failed to co-relate them in an ordered, purposeful manner.

Although his cosmology seemed quite logical, Anaxagoras soon noted that something was lacking. Another element was needed—and it is the answer he gives to the problem of the lacking element that immediately arouses our keenest interest.

If he had followed the precedent established by his teachers, he also would have neglected the incompleteness of his cosmology. But Anaxagoras was notorious for his individualism. If he thought a particular theory was true, nothing prevented him from accepting and practicing it. Only a person of this character could have postulated the new change in thought that we will soon discuss; only one such as he could have cried its truth from the brink of the Acropolis; only a determined man with positive, absolute conviction would dare shout its defiance in the faces of the men and gods of Athens.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ending to Anaxagoras' cosmology had a

very subtle beginning. The Ionian relied so heavily upon nature as a source of information that he, above any other philosopher of his time, realized a definite order in the world about him. With this in mind, he reviewed the cosmology. He quickly sensed that an illogical note appeared in the process of particle combination. Why do things combine, he wondered. Surely, something must order this combination. Regressing farther, he discovered that the cosmology contained no cause or power to order the universe in the beginning.

He attacked the problem from every conceivable position, but he could not derive an explanation from any physical basis. There remained only one alternative—he had to accept the fact that something existed which had no direct basis in nature. Thus, his complete reliance upon natural phenomena forced the philosopher to accept something beyond it. Anaxagoras gave much thought to this “something beyond nature,” this “order in the universe.” In so doing, he gave the new conception a name. He called it “Nous” or “Mind.”

When he made the transition from the material world to the non-material “Nous,” Anaxagoras found himself on unfamiliar ground. Consequently, he very carefully limited the powers which it enjoyed. He visualized “Nous” as the all-guiding knowledge that not only conceived but also carries out the “world plan” of nature. “Nous” gave the initial

shock to start things combining from the infinite caotic mass; now "Nous" directs the world, the planets, and the entire universe by the mere fact that it desires order. However, he clearly states that "Nous" is limited to ordering things—it did not create them.

Here was a power to hold his cosmology together; a guiding principle that related things to one another in such a way that they served a definite purpose. By violating the established outlook of his time, Anaxagoras gave a logical explanation of reality as a whole.

The "Nous" represented more than the product of a shift in objectives. "Nous," as we have pointed out, was a transition to the immaterial. A scrutiny of this new concept shows that some of the powers enjoyed by it bear a marked resemblance to the Christian God. For example, Anaxagoras refers to "Nous" as infinite, self-ruling, and transcendent. These are certainly characteristic of God, being confirmed by revelation and later philosophers. From these similarities it would appear that Anaxagoras has reasoned to a divine being.

HOWEVER, we must keep Anaxagoras' purpose clearly in mind. His question was "What is the cause of order in the world?" Not "Does a divine being exist?" Even though some of the characteristics delegated to "Nous" were later confirmed of God, we cannot say that Anaxagoras

thought of "Nous" as a divine being. His sole purpose in postulating "Nous" was to answer the question of order. The qualities it possessed were those that Anaxagoras deemed absolutely necessary for it to perform the function of directing the universe. Even after he had established the "Nous" in his cosmology, the philosopher relied upon it only to explain those problems which he could not solve from physical principles. It served as his "last resort" for any answer to a question, an impossible attitude for visualizing "Nous" as a divine power.

Regardless of its intended function, the "Nous" was in a unique concept. It caused many philosophers to come to an abrupt halt in their intellectual pursuits and reconsider their objectives. Yet, others maintained the status quo. The resulting debate continued for centuries, finding its way beyond the confines of Greece to Rome and other intellectual centers across the Mediterranean. Through continued discussion of the problem, men groped closer and closer to truth. Ultimately, some reached the conclusion that an unlimited being existed. Thus, we may think of "Nous" as the particular and directed it toward the whole. At the same time, it gave that flow the impetus to hammer against the bulwarks of ignorance.

Two later philosophers, Aristotle and Socrates, commented extensively on "Nous." Both gave

enthusiastic approval of the new concept, but we can well understand their cry of "Deus ex Machina" when referring to the Ionian's use of the power.

III

ANAXAGORAS' IDEA of "Nous," coupled with his open contempt for the state gods of Athens made him unpopular in the eyes of many Greeks. Nevertheless, he proved unassailable, basking in the overshadowing protection of Pericles. He continued his studies and observation with little concern for public opinion.

But the glory and power of Pericles was not to last. The magnificent Athens constructed under his direction was a prize to be sought, be it by conquest from without or political subversion from within.

For years, the rivalry between Athens and Sparta, the powerful city-state of southern Greece, had been growing increasingly bitter. Spartan hatred for the Atticans finally erupted in 432 B.C. From the narrow streets of the city rose cries of conquest, shouts from officers, and the ominous tramp of marching soldiers.

As Pericles turned to meet this threat from the south, he failed to notice another danger forming within Athens itself. Rumor held that Anaxagoras and Damonides the musician exercised considerable influence on Pericles' political decisions. Most members of the Assembly frowned upon this advisory capacity. Aristides was par-

ticularly resentful, publically referring to Anaxagoras and Damonides as "those damned professors who were allowed to interfere with politics."

UP TO this time, however, Anaxagoras and the musician remained within the confines of the laws of Solon, which gave scholars certain freedoms in their studies. But when Anaxagoras' astronomical observations prompted him to state that "the sun is a red hot stone," and "the moon is made of earth," his margin of protection from the law became dangerously thin.

Two parties immediately realized the possibilities of the Ionian's rash statements. A political faction of the Assembly saw an opportunity to remove a support from Pericles' executive office, and thus weaken the General's power. The second party, led by Diopeithes, was anxious to ostracize Anaxagoras because of the damage that "Nous" and other theories had inflicted upon the prestige of Athenian gods.

At a session of the Assembly, Diopeithes introduced a resolution that stated: "Those people who do not accept the religion and who spread astronomical doctrine should be brought to trial." As preplanned, Aristides and Cimon backed the measure with emphatic oratory; the resolution, however, passed by a large margin.

Within a day, Anaxagoras found himself on trial, charged

with blasphemy and impiety for "reducing the dieties Apollo and Juno to rocks and earth." The trial was short; its results harsh. Anaxagoras refused to deny the accusation; rather he pushed the truth of his statements and challenged anyone to disprove them. This suprising demonstration brought several members of the Assembly angrily to their feet; the chamber resounded with cries of "heretic" and "traitor." Diopeithes now spurred the provoked jury to a unanimous decision, and demanded the supreme penalty.

PERICLES COULD not revoke the sentence, for the wrath of all Athens was now directed at Anaxagoras. Indeed, it was all that the general could do to help the philosopher escape the hemlock and flee the city. Almost immediately, Pericles was dealt another blow. The encouraged conspirators brought Damonides to trial and condemned him to the same fate that had befallen Anaxagoras.

The conspiracy seemed assured of success, but Pericles managed to retain power until his death in 429 B.C. The absence of Pericles resulted in a contest for political control that rendered the Assembly almost ineffectual. The con-

flicting factions bickered for twenty years over the question of who would control Athens. It was not settled until 404 B.C.—by the Spartans.

In his hurried escape from Attica, Anaxagoras retraced his steps to Asia Minor. He retired in Tampsacus with a few select disciples, where he wrote the first illustrated thesis before his death in 428 B.C.

Thus, a life is consummated—but its paradoxes remain. Anaxagoras professed atheism to the end, while unknowingly leaving a milestone to guide later philosophers along the path to knowledge of a benevolent creator. His absolute natural philosophy of earlier years was not revoked by another, but stricken by his own hand to make way for a new concept. While later generations expressed appreciation for his findings, those who asked him to search for truth could offer only a death sentence for his labors. But even fate could not sizably reduce the importance of this spark of genius that sprang from the shores of Clazomenae. The great Aristotle fittingly recognized Anaxagoras when he declared, "He is a sober man among vain babblers."

CAUTION

Prejudice At Work

By
Thomas
Ryan

THE American's desire to be well-informed is not a mere pastime, but a necessary ingredient of success. The salesman reinforces the modernity of his electric shaver by telling his credulous customer of the president's latest television address. The dentist eases his educated patient's fear of the drill when he remarks on the public's astonishment at seeing "sputnik." The housewife sets her bridge partners fluttering when she comments on the boldness of Dior's latest creations.

Many of these comments originate in the offices of the weekly news magazines, and their function is not always a happy one. Though these comments do lubricate meetings between strangers, they often cause the individual to slip when he gropes for the solid ground of judicial opinion. All too often, a citizen votes for a certain candidate solely because the last editorial he read praised the candidate.

In view of the news magazines' habit of presenting a one-sided case, it is necessary for the critical reader to examine the various outlooks and approaches the periodicals employ in dealing with a subject. Let us, for example, attempt to recapture the integration dispute in Little Rock, Arkansas, and discover how various magazines treated it.

ON THE third of September, a slender colored girl, clutching a notebook to her breast, stepped onto the sidewalk in front of

Little Rock's Central High School. Suddenly, the arm of a National Guardsman waved her back. As the colored girl hesitated, photographers flashed pictures and reporters scrawled notes. Confronted by the eager reporters and photographers and by the stolid National Guardsmen, the girl had no choice. She turned around and walked away. The reporters rushed to telephone the news: integration had been blocked.

Within several hours other reporters were questioning the governor of Arkansas, who ordered the National Guard to prevent integration, and the president of the United States, whose office compelled him to enforce integration. As the days grew into weeks and the milling crowds and National Guard became a common sight at Central High, news magazines searched far beyond the high school vicinity for fundamental explanations.

In four news magazines, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *United States News and World Report*, and *Life*, these explanations consist of answers to several questions. The questions are: Who is Governor Faubus and why did he call out the National Guard? What was the significance of his meeting with President Eisenhower? What resulted from Faubus' actions? What resulted from Eisenhower's sending the 101st Airborne to enforce integration?

To *Time* Orval Faubus is a "slightly sophisticated hillbil-

ly" who tardily took up "book learning" to escape his backwoods upbringing. Having graduated from Huntsville High at the age of 24, he forsook his neighbors to climb the political ladder. But even now, he retains his hillbilly breeding. At dinner he gorges himself with corn and sweet potatoes. At a press conference he dribbles his milk and belches.

Why Governor Faubus called out the National Guard is no mystery to *Time*. Since integration in Arkansas seemed "peaceful enough" until the Guard was summoned, *Time* concludes that the governor was out to make "political capital" for himself.

Evidence of possible violence, says *Time*, was solely the product of Faubus' mind. His fear that a mass of mothers was ready to march to the school and his report that the sale of knives and guns in Little Rock was abnormal were both fiction. His finding a textbook with pages cut out in the pattern of a gun had a "fairy-book" flavor. His backing-down in federal court when asked to produce concrete evidence destroyed his pretensions of parading as a protector of the citizen.

Cornered within his own state by the relentless questioning of the federal court, Faubus fled to Newport, Rhode Island to confer with President Eisenhower. *Time's* report of the meeting is surprisingly objective. The reporter's pen slips just once, inserting that Faubus asked Eisenhower for a year's delay on integration

only to carry him through July's Democratic primary.

Faubus' scheming caused repercussions throughout the world. In the south riots erupted as Faubus flouted integration. In Washington Democrats fighting for legal states' rights silently flushed. In foreign countries communist newspapers hurled charges of hypocrisy at the freedom-minded United States.

Orval Faubus, however, stood his ground in Little Rock and condemned the soldiers of the 101st Airborne for making "wholesale arrests" and marching girls at the point of bayonets. How the division he "helped rescue" at Bastogne in World War II could commit such outrages was beyond his powers of reason.

NEWSWEEK condemns Governor Faubus not because he graduated from high school at 24 or because he belches during press conferences, but because he is the arsonist who scorched the rock foundation of integration. Although Faubus marred the surface of integration with his matches, he had no time to damage its fabric.

A federal judge guarding the citadel of integration quickly apprehended arsonist Faubus. The governor immediately defended his delinquency. Segregationists, he claimed, were ready to mass at school. A run on knives was reported by city stores.

However, the National Guardsmen commanded by Faubus to destroy integration found no

cause for alarm. Some guardsmen squatted on the curb in front of Central High and cursed the governor who needlessly prevented them from "going fishing."

NEWSWEEK completes its picture of Faubus the delinquent in treating the governor's meeting with President Eisenhower. The governor, caught pottering with matches by his big brother, Congressman Brooks Hays, was taken before his wise father, President Eisenhower. The president blistered the recalcitrant child with a "Dutch uncle" scolding, then patted his shoulder and sent him home.

Returning to Arkansas the child sulkily ignored his promise to begin integrating. Wrath siezed the father. Necessity forced him to send federal troops to put down "hysteria" and "lawlessness" and carry out the 'law of the land.'

Once Faubus was overwhelmed *Newsweek* forgot his role and concentrated on President Eisenhower. Law, precedent, and strategy supported the president's action. When a whisper criticizing the president escaped from the south, it was quickly drowned out by headlines from the *Times* of India praising the president. When a second derogatory whisper escaped, it was immediately buried under the enormous fact that the president lent an ear to the cool-headed advice of evangelist Billy Graham.

To *United States News and World Report*, Orval Faubus

is the governor of Arkansas who slipped into a legal trap by calling out his National Guard. Perhaps Governor Faubus did possess evidence indicating that integration at Central High was presently impossible. Perhaps he did invite the United States District Attorney and the Federal Bureau of Investigation to discuss the evidence in question.

All the governor's good intentions and proclamations, however, did not alter the fact that federal judge Ronald Davies could see no obstacles to immediate integration. Upon examining the situation, the judge commanded that integration proceed.

Despite the legal complexities, the root of the disagreement was simple. A discrepancy existed between Faubus' look at the situation and Davies' look at the situation. *U.S. News* reports that discrepancy and leaves speculation about its causes to the reader.

U.S. News always accounts for partisanship in its reports. In recounting Faubus' meeting with President Eisenhower, the magazine stated that the president was not fully informed on the situation until Faubus told his own side of the story. After hearing Faubus the president favored setting up a "cooling-off" period until Attorney General Brownell insisted that this was legally impossible. Though this account suggested that Faubus had a realistic grasp of the situation, the magazine cautioned against jumping to this conclusion by re-

vealing that it reconstructed the interview from informational bits gathered inside the Arkansas State House.

In treating repercussions *U.S. News* concentrated on the effects caused by sending federal troops to enforce integration. Political leaders praised or condemned the president and Negro vote blocs shifted towards him. The law-abiding citizens of Little Rock, however, wondered why federal troops should tramp up and down their streets and order curious bystanders to move on at the point of bayonets.

LIFE impartially deals with Faubus the man till its own evidence compels it to judge Faubus the governor. *Life* tells that Faubus spent his boyhood hunting squirrels and reading books in the Arkansas backwoods. His hillbilly neighbors, *Life* reports, have always loved him and, even to this day, refer to him as "Orval." Such plain facts about Faubus' life do not fluster the magazine. With due composure *Life* justly interprets oddities in his life. His graduating from high school at 23 is not deemed unusual, for he attended and taught school alternate semesters.

While rabble-rousers incited the crowds around Central High, *Life* let its photographs tell the story. But when tempers cooled, *Life* printed several photographs and facts which forced Faubus to swallow the charges he made against the federal troops. Photographs showed that C. E. Blake

provoked the fight during which his forehead was bashed by the rifle butt of a paratrooper. A survey revealed that the "wholesale arrests" by the paratroopers totaled eight. Another survey revealed that, despite protests about bayonet-charging, just one person was nicked.

Finally, *Life* asks why Faubus' friend, Jimmy Karam, circulated through the crowds gathered to watch the paratroopers enforce integration. *Life* finds it hard to believe that Karam, a veteran strike-breaker, bootlegger, and member of a racial league whispered instructions to a number of goons for the sole purpose of protecting his two children in school at the time.

IN reporting the entire chain of events, *Time* and *Newsweek* oppose Governor Faubus from the

outset and hammer away till the reader is unable to separate fact from prejudice. *U.S. News*, on the other hand, simply relates events as they occur; but *Life* lets these events sway it towards a tentative judgment of the governor.

Pointing out the prejudice of the news magazines concerning the Little Rock dispute, however, does not indicate which magazine always presents the news with the least bias. For whenever an event occurs affecting the political policies of any one magazine, reportage is colored to sway the masses to an opinion similar to that of the magazine's editors. Retracing the dispute merely illustrates the degrees of prejudice that can exist, and urges the reader to dig for the facts before drawing any conclusion.

Heralds

Something's touched my cheek;
Something's touched my hand;
Something's touched the creeks;
Something's touched the land.
It's playing in the leaf-less trees;
It's tossing in the air.
It's stirring up the sullen seas;
It's singing without care.
It rambles through the mountain brush;
It swirls about in rings.
It soars about with mighty rush,
A little touch of spring.

—RONALD MOORMAN

The Rh Factor And You

**By
Thomas
Stucker**

THE scene is the delivery room of a maternity hospital. An obstetrician is attending a woman who has just given birth to a baby. The mother is fine; it's the baby that the medical team is huddled around. This is not a normal baby. It is a yellowish, anemic-looking infant, lying helplessly on a table surrounded by a group of medical specialists. Having already determined why the frail baby is gasping for air, one of the doctors carefully injects a syringe into the umbilical cord, withdraws the plunger, filling the barrel with the baby's blood. Removing this syringe, he injects another, this one filled with blood. Slowly he forces the blood into the baby's cord. He repeats this process; withdrawing, then replacing blood, again and again. Slowly color begins to creep into the baby's cheeks, then into his entire body. He is beginning to look and act like any normal infant should, and, because of the dramatic procedure which has just taken place, he now has a chance to live a normal life.

What, you wonder, was it about this baby's blood which necessitated its removal and replacement with different blood. The answer to this is that his red blood cells clustered, or grouped, together, making it impossible for life-giving oxygen to travel through the blood vessels to the individual cells. Without this oxygen the body cannot survive.

To understand what it is about the blood which causes it to clust-

er together, we must first describe the general process which takes place.

This process is what is known as an antigen-antibody reaction. A typical example is found in an ordinary vaccination. In such a case a once harmful micro-organism is killed and then injected into the blood stream. This is the antigen. Its presence in the blood stream causes the immediate production of a specific antagonistic substance, whose purpose it is to neutralize the effect of the antigen. This second substance is known as the antibody. The whole process is simply nature's way of defending the body from the invasion of foreign substances. Once these antibodies are formed in the blood they have the ability of neutralizing the foreign substance, the antigen, whenever it is again introduced. This is the reason for a vaccination.

TO return to our baby, we can now apply this antigen-antibody reaction to what happened in the baby's blood stream. This baby, at conception, received from his father a gene, or inheritable element, which caused the formation of a certain antigen in his blood. This antigen is a protein molecule on a red blood cell, and is known as the Rh antigen. If we have this we are Rh positive, if we do not have it we are Rh negative. Normally it causes no trouble, being present in about 85 per cent of the white population of the United States. The remain-

ing 15 per cent are Rh negative. The occurrence of the Rh antigen in American Negroes is higher, being present in about 91 per cent. The Mongolian races, the Chinese, Japanese, and "pure" American Indians have the Rh antigen almost without exception. The incidence of Rh negative people in these races varies, but only between zero and 1 per cent.

Because it normally causes no trouble, relatively few people are ever affected by the presence or absence of the Rh antigen. There is only one way which this Rh factor can cause trouble. That is when Rh positive antibodies are formed, which can then react with the Rh positive antigen. There are two ways in which these antibodies can be formed. One is by a transfusion of Rh positive blood into an Rh negative person. This causes the production of Rh positive antibodies in the blood of the Rh negative person. If, at some future date, Rh positive blood is again introduced into this same Rh negative person, the antibodies previously formed will react with the Rh positive antigen on the red blood cells and cause them to cluster together. The second way these antibodies can be formed is by a pregnancy in which an Rh negative mother carries an Rh positive child.

HERE we again return to our baby. He inherited the Rh positive antigen from his father. Somehow, during the pregnancy, the red blood cells to which the

Rh antigen is attached cross the placenta and enter the mother's blood stream. Normally there is no transfer of blood between the mother and baby. In this instance the ability of the red blood cells to interchange is probably due to a defect in the placenta. This abnormal process causes the production of Rh antibodies in the mother's blood. These antibodies in turn can easily cross the placenta and enter the baby's blood stream. Here they react with the Rh antigen, causing the red blood cells to cluster together. This clustering together of the red blood cells can occur in three degrees of severity, all grouped under the common name erythroblastosis fetalis, which is the clustering together of the baby's red blood cells, making it impossible for his body to get the oxygen it needs. This is the condition that our previously mentioned baby had.

There is only one situation in which this condition can occur, and that is between an Rh positive father, making it possible for the baby to receive the Rh antigen, and an Rh negative mother, making it possible for Rh antibodies to be formed. Generally speaking, no other combinations of Rh marriages present any problem.

Also, the first baby placed in such a situation, that is, Rh positive baby and Rh negative mother, usually is not affected. The reason is that the concentration of the antibodies is not high enough to be harmful. The chances of the

baby being affected is increased with each pregnancy, because the concentration of the antibodies becomes greater. Sometimes the second, and generally the third baby would be affected.

RIGHT here the picture looks rather discouraging for an Rh negative mother and an Rh positive father, but statistics prove that the situation is not as bad as it first appears. One such comfort fact is that only one out of every seven pregnancies has the proper conditions for trouble. Another is that only one out of sixty-five who could have trouble actually do have complications. That is to say that in only one out of every 450 pregnancies does a baby have erythroblastosis. It has not yet been determined why most pregnancies which are potentially affected escape with no ill effects, but it is certain that there are a number of natural safety factors working to prevent affliction.

Even when the baby is afflicted with this disease, there is no reason to despair. Now, with modern detection methods, a doctor can know whether antibodies are being formed in the mother's blood, and if so, how high the concentration is. With this information he can be prepared to withdraw the blood from the baby and replace it with Rh negative blood, as in the process described earlier. The blood used in the transfusion must be Rh negative, otherwise the red blood cells would continue

to be clustered together. The best results are had when the blood of a non-pregnant Rh negative woman is used. Why this should be so has not yet been determined and is currently being investigated. This process of blood exchange has reduced the death rate of erythroblastosis fetalis from 75 per cent thirteen years ago, when the Rh factor was first described, to 10 per cent today.

THIS whole concept of the Rh factor is relatively new. It was first discovered in 1940 by Drs. Karl Landsteiner and Alexander Wiener, but wasn't described until 1944. This discovery was made when the serum of the Rhesus monkey clustered together the red blood cells of a man. It derives its name from the first two letters of this monkey's name.

With the same principle used in the first discovery, doctors today, in determining a person's Rh factor, use an anti-Rh serum containing Rh antibodies. If this serum comes in contact with the Rh antigen found in Rh positive blood, there is a reaction, indicating its presence. This reaction, or clustering together of the red blood cells, is apparent in from five to ten minutes. If there is no such reaction the individual being tested is Rh negative.

From the past discussion we can

now see just what it was that caused the baby first described to be in such a precarious situation. Because of the continued vigilance and research of medical investigators, serologists, geneticists and biochemists, this baby, and others like it, will have a chance at life. Much has been accomplished in a short time in this field, and research is still being carried on.

Currently medical investigators are experimenting with a substance which will neutralize the effect of an Rh antigen before any Rh antibodies can be formed. Another investigator, Dr. Carl T. Javerts, has theorized that leaks in the placenta are necessary before any part of the antigen-antibody reaction can take place. He took steps to prevent any weakening of the placenta by giving large doses of vitamins C and P to women who could possibly have trouble. He got excellent results, and research is being continued along these lines.

The continued efforts of these men have reaped many beneficial results. A little more than a decade ago babies were dying from an unexplained cause. Today, the cause is not only clear, but a remedy has been found, and steps are being taken to eliminate the problem entirely. The future holds nothing but promise.